



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XI.—NO. 4.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1798.

WHOLE NO. 524.

## WATERMAN OF BESONS;

A MORAL TALE.

[Continued from our last.]

NADIR, during the whole of that time, was engaged in his war with the Turks; but on his return home at the peace, he thought he perceived that his court was grown effeminate and dainty, and accused me of having spoiled the palate of his children. He behaved however, with generosity; for having sent for me, he addressed me thus: French cook I esteem you; you have given me proofs of frankness and courage, and you make excellent ragouts; but you render us intemperate; and it is my duty to bring up my children in temperance. Depart, then, loaded with my favors. His measure was not sparing of the purses of gold; and I set off.

My first intention was to return to Delhi to console my good master; for I knew he was unfortunate. But my return to my native country with my purses of gold had such charms for me, that I could not resist it. I was following a caravan on its way to Syria, whither I was going to take shipping; when, in the plains of Diarbeck, beyond the Tigris, the caravan was attacked by the Arabs, and the good Musselmans and myself were all of us rifled. Nothing was more common; these Arabs were thieves, as I was a cook; and after having seen the Mogul stripped of millions, you must needs think that I was not much surprised to see my little fortune confiscated: it was the custom of the country. I made my escape to Aleppo with a few sequins that I had luckily contrived to conceal from my plunderers.

Aleppo is a commercial city in the Levant; and there I hoped soon to find some means of getting a passage to Europe. I was not deceived. But what I found there, that I did not expect, was my wife. The poor girl was a slave, and, with a crowd of others, was exposed to sale in the market of Aleppo, rather scantily clad, and with a veil over her eyes. In her fellows in misfortune I perceived neither emotion, nor shame, nor sadness; but every time that her veil was lifted up, I saw the tears stream down her bosom: they had wetted even the veil. I also saw her smooth cheeks covered with the blush of decent shame. It touched me to the soul; and in passing near her, I could not help saying, in the language of my country, "Poor girl!" These words of French struck her ear; and though I had assumed the Armenian habit, she was in hopes she should not find me a foreigner. Who then are you, said she, in a low voice, who speak my language, and seem to commiserate my wretched situation? At these words I felt my heart palpitate. Never in my life had I experience the like emotion; and I believe that from that moment I loved her as much as I love her now.

If you be a Frenchman, if you be a Christian, said she, buy me, and save me from these infidels. Ah! the cursed Arabs! Why did they rob me of my gold? With what joy would I have laid it out in the redemption of the fair slave! I counted the few sequins that remained; and addressing myself to the Syrian who had exposed her to sale, asked him her price. The value he set upon her

far exceeded my means: however, I did not seem at first inclined to renounce the bargain: and the merchant, to give me a greater desire of concluding it, letting me examine her at my leisure, I had time enough to tell her that I was a Frenchman; that I was going to devise the means of procuring her ransom in my own country; that my name was Andrew Verbois; that I should live in the village of Besons, near Paris that I begged her, if possible, to let me know what might become of her; that I would never forget her; and entreated her never to forget me. She promised she would not; and told me her name was Bathilda Lorizan. She added, that in all probability her father was a slave, like her; and that her greatest grief was the being separated from him, without any hope of ever seeing him again.

In a moment an old rogue of a Cypriot came to tell her that she belonged to him; and I saw her carried away. Ah! the cursed Arabs! Why did they rob me of my gold?

From Aleppo to Smyrna, where I embarked, and from Smyrna to Marseilles, and from Marseilles hither, I felt but one regret, and entertained but one thought. The fine eyes streaming with tears; the suppliant look of mildness and sensibility; the voice, the sound of which had pierced me to the heart; also haunted my mind, that I incessantly fancied I heard and saw her.

But when, on my arrival at Besons, I found this cottage abandoned; and learned that my father, in the breaking up of the ice the preceding winter, had perished in his attempt to save some drowning men, this sorrow made me forget the other, and at first quite depressed my spirits. But I recovered them; and the recollection of Bathilda returned more strongly than ever.

I had entertained hopes of interesting my old uncle Lucas in her favor. Every wedding-dinner, and every feast given at his house, will contribute, said I, to the ransom of this amiable girl; for wine and joy make good people still better, and heighten their sensibility. My uncle himself is so kind! he will add to the heap! and I, by my labor, will endeavor to complete it: I shall at last receive some accounts from Bathilda; and will set off as soon as I shall know where to find her.

But Lucas was no longer the same; he had grown rich, and was become avaricious. He had given up his public-house; was now a village gentleman; and when I went to see him, gave me a cool reception. He told me, that if I had been guided by him, I should have succeeded him in his profession; but that I liked better to lead a roving life; and he had only one piece of advice to give me, which was, to lead a roving life still, or return to my oar. I was quite as proud as he, I answered, that I was young; that I had a strong arm, and a good heart; that I asked him for nothing but his good will in return for mine; and this was a bargain by which he would not be ruined.

I return then to labor, and my labor was unremitting. In the port, on board barges; at the ferry when there was a crowd of passengers; sometimes fisherman, and sometimes waterman;

day and night I was every where at once; and this in hopes that my accumulated gains might one day or other redeem the unfortunate Bathilda. But where was I to go in search of her? That was the greatest of my cares.

Luckily I heard at last that there was going to be a procession at Paris of captives lately delivered from slavery. Ah! said I, some of them may perhaps tell me what is become of Bathilda. Some of them may have met with her at Tripoli, Tunis, or Algiers. I went to the Mathurins\* to wait for the captives; and questioned them one after another; asking each, if he had never heard any mention of a slave of the name of Bathilda Lorizan, a Frenchwoman by birth, whose father was also a captive in the Levant.

You may judge of his surprise when it was to himself that I spoke. Ah! good young man! said he, what makes you interest yourself in favor of that family? I am her unfortunate father; and would to heaven it were possible for me to know where my daughter is detained. But tell me what generous motives gives you a concern in our fate? I related to him my adventure; and the situation in which I had left his darling child made him shed a torrent of tears.

Come, said I, heaven will perhaps hear our prayers; for heaven is a friend to good people. You see it has already bought two of us together; and why may it not with equal ease make our number three?

He eagerly asked if I had not been obliged to deny my faith in India or Persia. No, by St. Nicholas†! said I. They knew that I was a Frenchman; I served them like a freeman; and they said no more to me about the Credo than about the Koran. The good father, on hearing this, lifted up his hands to heaven; and I saw that he was thinking of his daughter. As to me, from that moment he determined to treat me like a friend, and intrusted me with the secret of his distress.

At fifty years of age, alone, forlorn, without fortune, without a trade, and only possessed of knowledge, of which nobody stood in need, what was to become of him? What is to become of you? said I: is that what makes you uneasy? Why, I know a business which you will learn in four days, and by which a man may earn a livelihood. Come, and be a fisherman with me at Besons. There is room enough in my hut for us both, and for Bathilda too; for I have told her my name and my abode; and after what has happened to us, I am more in hopes than ever of bringing her to you on some happy day. We supped as well, and more at our ease, than did the king of Persia and the Mogul; and after a few glasses of old wine, that I kept for my friends, and my matelotes, he told me his story, as he is going to tell it you.

My story, said the good old man, has nothing in it sufficiently interesting to deserve the attention of these ladies; nor would I, but for my daughter's misfortune, mention my own. Heaven has restored her to me; and that is the most marvellous part of my destiny. The rest is no-

\* An order of monks. † The patron of watermen.



thing uncommon: what has happened to me may happen to every body.

My father, Stephen Lorizan, was a skillful watch-maker. He was one of those artists whom the czar Peter sent for from Paris to Russia. In a country where all the elegant arts were new and scarce, it was not difficult for a good watch-maker to make a decent fortune in a short time. But you know that in a father, the most common weakness is a desire to place his son in a rank above his own. Mine, who did not perhaps hold the art that had enriched him in sufficient estimation, made me neglect it for the study of mathematics, of which Peter had founded a school. Before I was a great proficient, the czar died. My father did not survive him long; his delicate constitution could not resist the asperity of the climate.

[To be continued.]

#### A DELUGE SCENE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

**A**LREADY flood the marble towers deeply immersed in waters; and huge black waves rolled over the highest hills. The summit of a single mountain, alone, remained above the flood. An horrible tumult raged around its steep descending sides, mingled with the cry of wretches, who though in despair, labored to reach the top; whilst grim death, stalking on the waves, closely followed. Here a part of the mountain, loosened by the waters, separated and tumbled down, with its load of screaming mortals, into the foaming flood: There a torrent of descending rain carried away the top, whilst endeavoring to support an almost lifeless father, or a hopeless mother with her clinging infants. And now nothing remains above the general delugation, but the mountain's utmost top. Semir, a noble youth, had gained it, with a fair virgin, who had lately promised him eternal love. Alone they stood the howling storm; for the flood had bereft every other mortal of life. The rains poured down upon them; above them roared the thunders, and below them the raging sea. An horrid darkness surrounded them, which, interrupted at intervals by terrible flashes of lightning, disclosed and hid, by turns, the shocking scene. Horror frowned from the black brow of every cloud, and every wave rolled on in eager search of fresh destruction. Semir pressed her beloved to her bosom; tears, mingled with drops of rain, bathed her pale cheeks; with faltering voice she said, "There is no further hope, Oh my beloved, my Semir! surrounded by horror and desolation, every moment death advances. Which of yonder waves, Oh which of them will bury us? Support me with my trembling arms, oh my beloved. Now, Oh God! yonder it comes, now frightfully it advances; now, Oh God!—most righteous judge."—She said, and her feeble limbs refused to support her. The trembling arms of Semir embraced his fainting beloved; his quivering lips were silent, he no longer saw nor heard the destruction around him; the lifeless object on his bosom engaged his whole attention; and he felt more than the horrors of death. He now kisses her pale cold cheek, wet with the driven rain, and pressing her more closely to his bosom, he cries, "Semira, Oh Semira! return once more to this scene of horror; look on me but once more, and let thy pale lips tell me thou lovest me unto death, once more before the floods devour us." At these words she awakened, and looked on him with inexpressible tenderness and sorrow. Then turning to the desolation around them, she cried, "Oh thou avenging God! Is there no help—no compassion for us? How the waters rage—how the thunders roar—frightful signs of unappealed vengeance! Oh God! our years passed away in innocence—Thou the most virtuous of youths.—Alas, my friends! Ye are all gone—ye, in whose friendship I was once happy. Even thou who gavest me being, painful recollection! from my side were torn away by the flood: Again didst thou raise thine head and arm, wouldst have blessed me, but wast swallowed up! Alas, they are all gone! And yet, Oh Semir, this solitary ruined world with thee were Paradise. Oh God, in innocence our years passed away.—Alas! Is there no deliverance—no compassion? Oh God, have mercy—we die.—What avails the innocence of mortals in thy sight?" The youth supported his beloved against the storm, and said, "Yes, my dear Semira, all flesh is washed away from the face of the earth. From the midst of this raging destruction, the cry of dying wretches is no longer heard. Oh my best beloved, the next moment will be our last. Yes, they are gone—all hopes of life: Every happy prospect which we indulged in the transporting minutes of love is gone—we die."

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### CREDULITY.

"Rifum tenetis amice?" HOR.

**I**N former times a famous GADGER,  
MAHOMET,—to cut a swagger  
And gull the credulous, deluded throng,  
Aver'd a leg of mutton nice,  
ROASTED, and which he went to flice,  
Spoke to him!—I might as well have sung!  
Whilom dame reason droop'd and griev'd,  
This miracle was soon believ'd—  
Faith feeds fat on things most strange and wond'rous!  
And now elude with his success,  
He boldly said, he'd do no less,  
Than move a mountain huge and pond'rous.

What crowds the publication drew,  
Who flock'd forthwith a deed to view,  
So marvellous, incredible and grand  
Th' impostor came,—The mount he call'd;—  
The mount was deaf!—again he bawl'd,—  
The mumpish mount unmov'd, flock still did stand!

With much *sans rancid*, and prompt address,  
Himself the Juggler did express,—  
"Finding from disobedience it was so,  
The mountain would not move to him,  
Yet huz, with condescending limb  
Would to the disobedient mountain go."

The people lost in reverie,  
Trembling did MAHOMET see,  
Submitting to the mountain's stubborn pride!  
But now alack! 'twixt me and you—  
Such tricks are false,—this flight won't do,  
Which sense detects, and reason must deride.

Tho' learn'd Pig and dancing Dog,  
People of late have set agog,  
Yet their teachers' prophecies ne'er were thought,  
Were Mahomet with his ass alive  
He'd scarce from him his bread derive;  
As for his rickon 'twould not bring a groat—

To think for heaven's minister—an ast—  
Even with the credulous crowd could pass—  
How bold, how impudent th' impostor!  
But, when whole nations did believe,  
How easy was't man to deceive,  
And rickon 't a belief of divine mission?  
Of ignorance the film obscur'd the eye,  
Impervious to th' illumining ray of bright philosophy.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### APOLOGY TO A LADY,

Who told me I could not love her heartily because I had loved others.

**FAIR** Sylvia, cease to blame my youth  
For having lov'd before,  
So men, ere they have learnt the truth,  
Strange Delusions adore.

My youth, 'tis true, has often rang'd,  
Like bees o'er gaudy flowers,  
And many thousand loves has chang'd,  
Till it was fix'd in yours.

For, Sylvia, when I saw those eyes,  
'Twas soon determin'd there,  
Stars might as well forsake the skies,  
And vanish into air.

If I from this great rule do err,  
New beauties to explore,  
May I again turn wanderer,  
And never settle more.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### THE INCOMPARABLE NOSE.

**THE** blushes of the damask Rose,  
The PRONY where the gales repose,  
The early sun whose CRIMSON flows  
Upon the FERVID morning's brows,  
Nor the RED TURNAGE as it glows,  
Can e'er compare with ———'s NOSE.

WINIFRED.

#### EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES OF GRATITUDE.

From WATKINS's Travels.

**L**ORENZO MUSATA, a native of Catania, in Sicily, was, in the year 1774, taken in a Maltese ship by an Algerine corsair. When the prize was carried into port, he was sold to a Turkish officer, who treated him with all the severity that the unfeeling disposition of a Barbarian, rendered intolerant by bigotry, could inflict. It happened fortunately for the Sicilian, that his master's son Fezulah, (about ten years old) became extremely fond of him; and, by numberless little offices of kindness, alleviated his slavery. Lorenzo, in consequence, became as much attached to the boy, as the boy was to him; so that they were seldom separated from each other. One day, as Fezulah (being then sixteen) was bathing in the sea, the current carried him off; and he certainly would have perished, had not Lorenzo plunged in, and saved him, at the hazard of his life. His affection was now heightened by gratitude, and he frequently interceded with his father for his country, and Fezulah determined that he should return there. With this resolution, he one night conveyed him on board an English merchant-ship that lay off Algiers; and having embraced him in tears, retired with all that exquisite glow of pleasure and self approbation, which virtue feels in acting with gratitude and generosity. The Sicilian returned to his country, where he found that a relation had bequeathed him a small tenement; upon which he settled, and enjoyed the sweets of competency and repose, rendered infinitely more grateful, than they otherwise would have been, by the remembrance of past slavery. At length, growing tired of a sedentary life, he accompanied his kinsman, a master of a vessel, to Genoa. On landing in the D'arsena, he heard a voice cry out—  
"Oh, my friend, my Lorenzo," and instantly found himself in the arms of Fezulah. He was at first lost in surprise and joy; but how rapid was the transition to grief, when he perceived by his claims that Fezulah was a slave!—He had been taken by a Genoese galley on his voyage to Aleppo. You have already seen that the ruling passions of Lorenzo's breast were generosity and gratitude; and to these he now determined to sacrifice every other consideration. Having divided his purse with his former companion, he took his leave, telling him he should be again at Genoa within two months. And so he was. He returned to Sicily; sold his little tenement, thought to great disadvantage, and with the money ransomed his friend, whom he sent back to his country. Fezulah has lately visited Lorenzo at Catania, where they now are, and has not only repurchased for him his estate, but considerably enriched him.

These actions might by some, who have more prudence than philanthropy, be deemed enthusiastic; I must, however, consider them as genuine virtue, and am only sorry I cannot be an associate in the friendship of Fezulah and Lorenzo.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### EPITAPH ON A MISER.

**BENEATH** this verdant hillock lies  
DEMAN, the wealthy and the wise,  
His heirs, that he might safely rest,  
Have put his carcase in a chest;  
The very chest in which, they say,  
His other self, his money, lay:  
And, if his heirs continue kind  
To that dear self he left behind,  
I dare believe that four in five  
Will think his better half alive.

#### ANECDOTES.

**A** Gascon officer, who had served under Henry IV. without receiving any pay for a considerable time, came to the king and confidently said to him, "Sir, three words with your majesty, MONEY OR DISCHARGE." "Four with you," answered his majesty, "NEITHER ONE NOR T'OTHER."

**A** Judge of a court taking a dislike to an evidence who had a long beard, told him, if his conscience was as long as his beard, he had a swinging one. To which the witness replied, "If you measure consciences by beards, you have none at all."



## THE LIMITS.

WHEN I found by my books I was ready to fail,  
I tied up my purse, and I horrid into jail;  
There then I untied it, from creditors' sale,  
And fringed on mutton, veal, poultry, and beef,  
Enjoy'd every pleasure mortality wanted,  
And only for "out a door" liberty panted.  
An act that was pass'd by our wise Legislature  
Restor'd me again to this drowsy of nature;  
So paying the FOUNDACK, a common man's store,  
I enter'd the limits both GRAND and secure.  
Ay, CREDITORS, sigh---I am now my own man,  
As you have your cash, so your wits I've obtain,  
OF MONEY and FREEDOM I've all that I chuse,  
For the LIMITS are LARGER than ere I can use.

WINIFRED.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1798.

## IMPORTANT.

We have the satisfaction to announce to our readers, that the Delaware sloop of war, who only went out to sea on Friday, on Saturday evening captured a French privateer schooner of 18 guns and 70 men, close in with Egg Harbor, and on Sunday evening the prize was brought to Fort Mifflin. Capt. Decatur left his ship at New Castle, and brought this intelligence to town. Capt. D. after he got to sea on Saturday morning, met with the ship Alexander Hamilton, from New-York to Baltimore, the Captain of which informed him that he had been plundered by a French privateer, and gave him directions what course he had steered. Captain Decatur immediately went in search of her, and soon came in sight of four schooners; but not knowing which was the armed schooner that he had received information of, he thought it best to stand off as if he were a merchantman and alarmed at what might be aimed vessels.

The manœuvre had the intended effect, for the armed schooner gave her chase, until she discovered the Delaware to be a vessel of force, when she attempted to steer off and get in land (where she supposed she should be safe, taking the Delaware for an English vessel of war) but she was obliged to surrender, after a pretty long chase, to the Delaware, and several shot being fired at her. This privateer is a new vessel said to have been built at Baltimore. She sailed from Cape Francois on the 29th of June, and has been on our coast only two days, during which time she has captured the ship Liberty, Capt. Vredenberg, which sailed a few days since from Philadelphia for Liverpool. The vessel was sent to the West Indies, and the Captain and crew of the Liberty were put on board a vessel bound for Boston. This privateer has also taken an English brig.

The name of the privateer is Le Groyable, and she was commanded by a Capt. Sylvestre, who has been an old offender against our trade. When he was taken on board the Delaware, he expressed much surprise to Capt. Decatur at being taken by an American vessel, observing he had a commission from the French government, and wished to know how long France and America had been at war, as he said this was the first time he had heard of it? We are happy to say, that he had not a single American in his crew; they were wholly French, and were on Monday landed at the Fort, where they will be kept under guard until they are otherwise disposed of. The Delaware returns immediately to her cruising ground.

The bill for annulling the Treaties subsisting between the United States and France, passed the House of Representatives on Friday last, by a majority of ten, 47 to 37.

On Monday the House of Representatives of the United States passed the bill to augment the army of the United States, and for other purposes, 60 votes to 11.

The bill in addition to the act for the punishment of certain crimes against the United States, generally denominated the SEDITION BILL, passed the House of Representatives on Tuesday, by a majority of THREE, 44 to 41.

Both Houses of Congress have agreed to adjourn on Monday next the 16th inst. A bill has passed the Senate for shortening the time for the next meeting of Congress. The first Monday in November is the time fixed upon.

By the ship Fox, capt Gardin, in 44 days from Bourdeaux, we have received papers to the 22d of May. Only two passengers, French gentlemen, came in this vessel. The captain informs that a general embargo throughout France of all privateers as well as merchantmen was expected certainly to take place in 8 or 10 days after his sailing, and to continue an indefinite time, with the view of getting every thing in readiness for the promised invasion of England. There were at Bourdeaux about 40 transports from 600 to 800 tons, which can carry about the same number of men. A 74 just built had been by accident burnt in some southern port of France, and another 74 going to Brest had been taken by the British. A great number of French privateers had been taken this spring. The Elizabeth of New-York, capt Skinner, of 700 tons, and laden with sugar, coffee, cotton, &c. from the Isle of France, had arrived at Bourdeaux. La Triphena, of Philadelphia, capt Moses Griffin, coming from Groncy, in Spain, had also entered the port. The papers further mention that the Austrian government had prohibited the admission of any foreign papers except German and English, into the Venetian territories. A new coalition is talked of between Austria, Prussia, Russia and Great Britain. To effect this the French Journalist mentions that the English lavish their gold and promises. The Austrian troops are said to be every where in motion. Gen. Spork, commander of the Imperial army in the Tyrol, had arrived on the 30th of April at Inspruck, and other Generals were expected. By an order from Vienna, all the frontier places were put in the best state of defence---supplied with provisions and filled with troops. A number of wine merchants at Paris had broken to the amount of 3 or 4 millions. A letter from Hamburg mentions, that the English merchandise there is valued at 24 millions sterling. [D. Adv.]

Sunday morning, between 8 and 9 o'clock, the dome of Laifon's Circus, in Fifth street, Philadelphia, fell into its centre. This lofty and elegant superstructure was upwards of 90 feet perpendicular, with a proportionate rotundity. The light materials of which it was composed, and its slender construction, have always rendered this event probable. Fortunately, however, its falling in on the Sabbath has been attended with no personal injury. A large party of Macpherson's Blues, who had lately assembled every evening in this place for the purpose of exercise, were alarmed on Saturday evening, by frequent cracking in the roof. It is extremely fortunate that the accident did not take place while they were engaged in this laudable business.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Cork, to his friend in Baltimore, dated April 23.

"The ship Sally, of and from your port, is arrived after a passage of 29 days. On the 13th inst. she was boarded by a French national corvette of 21 guns, by whom she was used very civilly, and permitted to proceed, after examining her papers."

CARLISLE, June 20.

Sarah Clarke, who was committed on suspicion for poisoning the family of John Carothers, Esq. in her confession before James McCornick, Esq. declared that the entertained no animosity for any of John Carother's family, but the daughter Ann, whom she suspected to be her rival in the affections of a young man who lived in the same township. Impelled by jealousy, she determined to poison the said Ann; and for that purpose, last fall bought of Doctor Guffine one ounce of white arsenic; having ever since in vain sought an opportunity of administering it to her rival, she determined putting it in a vessel among some leaven in the house of John Carothers, and bread having been made therefrom, the whole family had been seized with a violent sickness and vomiting. Mr Carothers died on the 26th of February, and Mrs Carothers on the 3d of June; and the whole family continue much afflicted. The son is not expected to survive: Ann, the object of her infernal inveteracy, although she received a separate dose from her enemy, it is hoped will recover. Several of the neighbors who have visited this distressed family, have also been poisoned by eating the butter, but none are dangerous.

About three or four weeks ago the above wretch purchased another ounce of yellow arsenic, which she says she put into a crock of butter in Mr. Carother's spring house, where she was first discovered, and a quantity of the poison found about her.

## HORRID SUICIDE.

Newcastle, State of Delaware, July 6.

This day, about 2 o'clock, P. M. a stranger who had arrived here on the 3d inst. in one of the packet boats from Philadelphia, put an instantaneous period to his existence, by the discharge of a pistol. He behaved rationally until yesterday evening. On being called this morning, he refused to come down from his chamber, alledging in an incoherent manner, that two persons had constantly followed him with an intent to murder him, and that he was sure they were watching for him. Persuasions to prevail with him were in vain; and his having discharged two pistols during the night, and showing other symptoms of a disordered mind, made people very cautious of approaching him---he being likewise in such a situation that he could not be seen.

About two o'clock, a discharge of a pistol was heard, when the room-door being forced open, he was found weltering in his blood. The instrument of death had been charged with large shot, and had almost entirely torn away his chin and nose, laying open his head in a most shocking manner. He is supposed to be between 40 and 50 years of age.

SALEM, July 3.

In the very severe thunder storm on Friday last, the lightning struck the foremast of the ship Manha (lying in our harbour) descended into the forecabin, and passed through the side of the ship, near the water. Mr Daniel Edder, the boatwain, and Mr Reuben Murray, sailor, who were in the forecabin, were struck dead by the explosion, and two others were much wounded. The mast was in a great degree shivered to atoms. The remains of the two unfortunate men who were killed, were on Saturday respectfully attended to the grave by a lengthy procession of mourning and sympathizing relations and friends.

ALEXANDRIA, July 3.

Every case of sudden death proclaims a solemn warning to the living to be on their guard. That season of the year which often proves fatal to the unwary has commenced.

A journeyman cook of Mr John Stavelly's rose in perfect health yesterday morning, and went to perform the labor of the day; unfortunately, after a short time, he eat a large quantity of cucumbers; and, as is said, drank a quantity of water with ice dissolved in it. The effect in a short time was death! Upon examination of the body, the stomach was found highly inflamed, and a quantity of blood extravasated between its coats. The appearances of the stomach were exactly similar to those exhibited in persons who have died from taking large draughts of cold water.

## COURT of HYMEN.

HYMEN! 'tis thine, sweet soothing power.

To give the smile of ease,  
And on Adversity's dark hour  
To pour the tide of peace.

## MARRIED

On Wednesday the 4th inst. by the Rev Mr Bisset, STEPHEN DIXON, Esq. of Petersfield, to Miss ANN BERT, daughter of Mr William Best, late of Trinity College, Dublin.

On Thursday evening the 5th inst. at Philadelphia; by the Rev. Mr Abercrombie, Capt JOSEPH H. DILL, of Bermuda, to Miss ANN BRICKMAN, of that city.

On Friday the 6th inst. at Trivet-Dale, by the Rev Mr Romsbyne, WILLIAM CURTIS, Esq. Attorney at Law, to Miss GITTY LIVINGSTON, daughter of Walter Livingston, Esq. deceased.

On Sunday evening last, JOHN I. MURRAY, Esq. late of Georgetown, (S. C.) to Miss DEBART, daughter of Gozen Ryriss, Esq. of Staten-Island.

On Tuesday last, at Clermont, ROBERT LIVINGSTON, Esq. to Miss MARGARET LIVINGSTON, daughter of Robert R. Livingston, Esq.

At Florida, (Orange County) Mr PETER TOTTER, to Miss BETSEY WOOD, both of that place.

## LOST,

A MEMORANDUM BOOK, fastened by a black lead pencil, cracked in the middle: It contained only a few papers of no importance to any but the owner. The person who has found it will receive a proper reward and the thanks of the owner, by applying at no. 3, Peck-slip.

July 14, 1798.

24-48





## COURT of APOLLO.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

### ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1798.

Dedicated to the friends of  
LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE,  
By MARGARETTA V. FAUGERES.

Sung on Wednesday the 4th inst. at the Brick Presbyterian Church, and received with applause.

WELCOME morn, whose genial ray  
Ushers in this joyous day:

Memorable day of bliss!  
Memorable day of bliss!

When the pearly beams unfold  
In the orient, flush'd with gold,  
Then let Virtue's gladdening bands,  
With warm hearts and union'd hands,  
Blossoms with PLANTS perennial twine,  
Decorating Freedom's shrine.

#### CHORUS.

Freeborn children of this land,  
Let each ardent wish expand;  
Hail the hour with sacred glee---  
'Tis the day of LIBERTY.

Catch a spark of patriot flame  
From the favorite son of Fame:

Him his country's PROMIS'd day---  
Him his country's PROMIS'd day---

WASHINGTON, the brave and wife,  
FREEDOM's friend, and Virtue's prize.  
Let his zeal your breasts relate:  
Firm he held the helm of state:  
While the brightness you admire,  
Emulate the glorious fire.

Freeborn children, &c.

Nations greet you with applause:

Still sustain your country's cause:

Veterans still her rights revere,

Veterans still her rights revere,

When oppression threatens from far,

Bravely meet the storm of WAR:

Banish DISCORD from your bands,

INTEREST asks, and PEACE commands---

Courage, firmness, unity,

Ever will maintain you free.

Freeborn children, &c.

Nature's source, whose sovereign nod

Sways creation---MIGHTY GOD!

O'er our councils, oh! preside;

O'er our councils, oh! preside;

Thou canst bid the tempest cease;

Thou from war canst summon peace;

From the glooms of wild dismay

Thou canst call a rapturous day,

Let thy truth our souls pervade;

Let us dwell beneath thy shade.

#### CHORUS.

So the children of this land  
Shall each ardent wish expand:  
Hail the hour with sacred glee,  
On this day of LIBERTY.



#### ANECDOTE.

THE Monthly Reviewers begin their review of PAINÉ'S Letter to Mr. ERSKINE, on the prosecution of T. Williams for publishing *The Age of Reason*, in the following neat and graphic manner:--

"I can write (says Mr. Paine) a better book than the Bible myself." This may be his opinion; but there is one part of this book, which surely could not be improved, even by him; we mean that in which it is said, "Seest thou a man wife in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him."

## NEW NOVELS.

For sale at J. Harrison's Book Store, no. 3 Peck-Slip.

### THE NUN,

By Diderot.

### The PRINCE of BRITTANY,

An Historical Novel.

### CAROLINE of LITCHFIELD,

From the French ---By THOMAS HOLCROFT.

### MAURICE:

A German Tale---By Mr. SCHULTZ.

### MARCHMONT.

By CHARLOTTE SMITH.

### TRIALS OF THE HUMAN HEART.

By Mrs. ROWSON.

### NETLEY ABBEY.

A Gothic Story.

### EDWARD:

VARIOUS VIEWS OF HUMAN NATURE.

By the Author of *Zeluco*.

### CASTLES OF ATHLIN AND DUNBAYNE.

A Highland Story---By ANN RADCLIFFE.

### CHARLOTTE TEMPLE.

A Tale of Truth---By Mrs. ROWSON.

### INFIDELITY,

Or the Victims of Sentiment.

### FORTUNATE DISCOVERY:

Or the History of Henry Villars.

## SPECIFIC LOTION.

FOR diseases of the skin, herpetical affections, and eruptions of the face, and which is so prevalent in both sexes, however malignant in their nature, or of long standing, prepared by CHARLES ANDREWS, Surgeon, late apprentice at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and house pupil under Mr. Blincke for six years. Sold by appointment at Messrs Tinsford and Co's, Druggists, no. 85 Maiden Lane, and at the proprietor's medicinal store, no. 208 Water Street, New-York; and also at Mr. Robert Stafford's druggist, no. 36 Market Street, Philadelphia; in half pint bottles, with printed directions, price one dollar each.

This Lotion is approved of by the most eminent of the profession, and is now offered to the public as a very valuable acquisition to medicine, being a certain specific remedy for the great variety of obstinate and virulent diseases to which mankind are subject, under the common denomination of Scorbatic, &c. also in every case where the patient is afflicted with either Inflammation, Eruptions, Pimples, Blisters, Carbuncles, Black Worms, Inflammatory Ulcers, and a variety of symptoms attending an impure and diseased state of the skin. This Specific Lotion, besides being a certain cure for the above, is perfectly safe in its use, and is not injurious to the tenderest constitution, or the most delicate complexion.

Its efficacy arises from its possessing a moderate stimulating power, which excites a re-action in the stagnated vessels, relieving obstructed perspiration, and by these means eradicates the morbid and viscid matter externally, without producing any other apparent effect, than, on its first use, causing a small degree of scurf to be thrown off.

Thus simply, speedily, and effectually, does this Lotion remove every obstruction, impurity, and disease of the skin, without producing any unpleasant symptom. The manner of applying it, is to have the face, or part affected, washed clean with water, and wiped dry with a linen cloth, then, first taking care to shake the bottle, the part affected is to be moderately washed with the Lotion night and morning.

One bottle generally affords the most surprising relief; but the quantity that may be necessary to use, must depend on the violence of the complaint, or the length of time it may have been standing.

New-York, May 5, 1798.

BY an order of Richard Harrison, Esq. Recorder of the city of New-York; Notice is hereby given to all the creditors of Paul Parcels, of the city of New-York, Insolvent debtor, that they shew cause, if any they have, before the said Recorder, at his office in the city of New-York, by the seventeenth day of August next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, why an assignment of the said insolvent's estate should not be made, and he discharged according to the act entitled "An act for giving relief in cases of insolvency," passed the 21st of March, 1788. Dated the 18th day of June, 1798. PAUL PARCELS.

Nehemiah Heatt, one of the Petitioning Creditors.

21-6w. 1

THE creditors of Theodorus Brower and Charles Simmons, Insolvent Debtors, now confined in the common goal of the county of Bergen, are hereby notified, that on Saturday the 28th day of July next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, the Judges of the inferior court of common pleas, in and for the said county, will meet at the court house in the said county, agreeably to appointment, to hear what can be alleged for or against the liberation of the said insolvents.

THEODORUS BROWER.

CHARLES SIMMONS.

New Barbadoes, June 19, 1798.

21-6w. 1

### D. GREENWOOD, Surgeon Dentist,

No. 3 Church-Street, behind St. Paul's Church Yard, PERFORMS every operation incident to the Teeth and Gums: he transplants and grafts natural teeth, likewise makes and fixes artificial teeth without the least pain, some of which are of a peculiar kind, the enamel being to hard as to produce fire when struck with steel, and is as beautiful as that upon the human teeth.

Dr. GREENWOOD has a particular way of cleaning the teeth that does not give the least pain, and at the same time he gives the teeth a beautiful polish and whiteness, with directions, which, if followed, will keep them white, sound, and free from pain during life.

#### PRICES AS FOLLOWS:

Transplants teeth 3 guineas each; grafts natural teeth from 1 to 4 dollars each; artificial teeth from 1 dollar to 1-2 each; cleanses and files the teeth from 1 to 3 dollars each person.

N.B. As there is many a good set of teeth neglected and ruined for the want only of proper directions to preserve them, Dr. GREENWOOD will for the benefit of those who chuse to apply, give his advice gratis, and at the same time point out the cause of their decay in so plain a manner that a child of six years of age may comprehend it, and by that means induce them to remove the millions of creatures which are every moment helping to destroy both the teeth and gums. To convince those who may doubt the operator will shew those Animals as represented by the famous George Adams in his *Micographia Illustrata*, &c.

No. 3 Church Street, behind St. Paul's Church Yard.

March 3.

05

### SIX CENTS REWARD.

Run away from the subscriber, on the 5th day of July inst. an Apprentice Boy, named WILLIAM HIGBY---Whoever will return said apprentice shall receive the above reward.

WILLIAM SHATZEL,

No. 248 Water Street.

All masters of vessels and others are forbid harboring or carrying him off.

23 3w

Just received, and for sale by J. Harrison, Peck-Slip,

THE COUNTRY BUILDER'S ASSISTANT,

Fully explaining, the best methods for striking regular and

QUIRKED MOULDINGS:

Correctly engraved on thirty-seven copperplates, with a printed explanation to each.

This day is Published,

Price 5 shillings in boards, or 6s neatly bound and lettered

A SKETCH of the

HISTORY OF THE WAR IN EUROPE,

From its commencement to the Treaty of Peace between

France and Austria.

To be had of the Printer, no. 112, Chatham-Street, at this

Office, and at the different Book Stores in the city.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY

JOHN HARRISON,

No. 3 Peck-Slip.

14-11